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INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

NOMINATING BLAINE AT THE CINCINNATI CONVEN-TION IN 1876.

A Brother's Solicitude and Anxiety-A Failure Feared-The Famous Speech Hastily Scribbled at Night After Long Procrastination.

(Cor. Cleveland Leader.) Up to 1876 Ingersoll had been simply a reasonably successful lawyer of Peoria, Ilis. He was one of the Re-publican delegates to the Cincinnati convention of 1876, and a strong Blaine man. He arrived in Cincinnati with several other Illinois delegates several days before the convention assembled. The city was full of people, and they were having a high old time. The Blaine men had meet-ings every day, and did everything in power to "boom" their candi-It was finally decided to have the nominating speech made by some Illinois man, and the Illinois delega-

tion settled upon Ingersoll.
There was present in the city Bob's favorite brother, who died a few years later, and at whose grave the great atheist delivered his world-re-nowned oration. He immediately told his brother of his selection, and that he had promised to deliver the speech. The brother who was some-what nervous, tried to persuade him

persuaded. "You are getting along and making a fair reputation, but this is too big a thing for you. I fear you will make a dead failure of it."

this, you must do your best. You must make a success. To do this you must get at it immediately. Don't wait a minute. Go into that room and lock the door, and begin the

"Oh, to-morrow will do," urged Bob, "and, besides, I have promised to go with the boys to-night." And away he went.

DELAY IN GETTING READY. The next day passed, and, although his brother spoke about the speech several times, Robert did not touch it. And so the time passed till the several times, Robert did not touch it. And so the time passed till the night before the convention. The brother, meanwhile had got nearly frantic. Robert came in late that night and in answer to his brother's solicitation, said:

and as an area of territorial soil does not exist. It was a dream; it has become a memory and a sentiment. It is not Louisiana, nor South Carolina, nor Kentucky. It is only the Land of Beulah that lives in the hearts of Dixie's sons.

As the German reset said of his

solicitation, said:
"Oh, brother; let's get a good night's sleep."
And they retired. Ingersoll says as he did that night. Finally he woke up suddenly, and felt perfectly refreshed. He got up hastily and looked at his watch. It was 3 o'clock a. M. He went to the adjoining room very quietly and closed the door, so as not to disturb his brother. He turned the light down and, closed his eyes, imagined the great conven-tion hall, and his audience before him. Standing here to-day with the flag of our United country waving over to himself. When he had fluished he took pen and paper and write it out carefully as he had said it. He laid it away in the drawer to the bureau, and went back quietly to bed. It was now past 6 o'clock in the morning. He very soon was fast asleep again, and did not wake up fill past 8, when his brother was standing over him, vigorously shakmorning. He very soon was fast asleep again, and did not wake up till past 8, when his brother was standing over him, vigorously shak-

standing over him, vigorously shaking him.

"Bob, get up, get up! It's 8:30, and the convention assembles at 10:30 I thought you were going to get up early and get your speech ready. It will be a dead failure, and we shall be disgraced. Blaine will not be nominated. It is too bad, too bad."

Bob slowly waked up, and rub-look and consider for yourselves.

legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in congress what our soldiers won upon the field." But the real climax of the speech

was the following:

"Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lauce full and fair against the brazen forcheads of the defamers of his county and the maligners of his honor.'

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the brother was completely captured. When Bob had fluished he rushed to him, and putting both arms around him, embraced him in the most enthusiastic way.

I want to speak my sentiments, and I do this for the good of my people. I want to say in regard to the Executive Committee, that if we as a party are not satisfied with their action installed.

him, embraced him in the most en-thusiastic way.

"It is simply sublime," he cried;
"but when did you prepare it?"

"Oh, I scratched it off last night

A POETICAL GEM

Plucked From Jim McKenzie's Reunion Bouquet October 15th in Union County.

I cannot stand unmoved and listen to the strains of Dixie and there are eyes around me whose kindly light is made softer because it comes through the dew of nalf-shed tears. More potent than Paean sof Victory is the song which fires men's hearts, and makes victory possible. Next to the instinct of self-preservation. which makes men courageous in their own defense, comes the love that makes them peril life for the family, the kindred, or the tribe, and all great movements of humanity have found their impuises in the crested coat of arms, which bespecks the family in the slogan of the tribe, or the national song. The grandest scutiment of humanity becomes incarnate in the battle hymn, for war, carnate in the battle hymn, for war. sentiment of humanity becomes in-carnate in the battle hymn, for war-like, as it is, the very feelings which make it so, send their tendrils back to twine about the hearthstone, and make blossoms of love above the blue-eyed baby in the cradle. It is atonce the embodiment of all that is stern and heroic, of all that is gentle, and loving, and tender. Home and naloving, and tender. Home and na-tive land, wife and child, the graves of our ancestors and the hopes of our prosperity are all woven like resonant threads of gold into the song of battle. And whenever that song becomes in time the music of exultant victory, or the wail of buried hopes or trampled aspirations, yet shall it sit supreme in memory, queen of the hearts whose blood has hallowed it,

or battle-song of his nation or his tribe. He must feel as you and I feel now, that though the cause be buried and the flag faded and folded, yet the hands that drew sword for Dixie have not forgotton how to clasp each other, and the hearts which loved Dixie have not ceased to love. Dixie, a land as an area of territorial soil does

As the German poet said of his then dismembered native land: "That is the German Fatherland Where truth beams out from every eye; And in each heart love cannot die. So shall it stand, so shall it stand! Brave German souls that is your land!

The whole of Germany is here, Smile on it, Heaven, bright and clear;

Give us the old time German love; Send truth and courage from above; So shall it be, so shall it be? While German hearts are brave and free. Standing here to-day with the flag

Bob slowly waked up, and rub-bing his eyes, urged that it would be best first to get their breakfast. But the brother insisted that he should not leave the room until he got down to business on the speech. By this time Bob had donned his pantaloous and remarked:

any better chance than we have had.

Look and consider for yourselves.

Again I would say, my friends, that we live in a temperate zone, and we should be temperate in all things. I want to say to the colored voters that this is a year of plenty, and want to say to those who are seeking office in do."

A WORD FOR WORD REHEARSAL.

He then started in and delivered the famous speech, word for word, as it was given that day in the convention, beginning:

"Massachusetts is proud of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I." etc.

He went on easily and rapidly until he reached the following:

"This is a grand year—year filled with the recollections of the revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty; a year in which had but one colored man that could make the race. I say that if this is so, that we colored people ought to go in our hole and pull the hole in after us. I think we should stop talking that way and go to work and we can elect anyone we want. The same that qualifies one man for office will qualify another for the same office, be he white or black. Is it possible that out of the 2,875 colored men in this county that we have but one that can fill the office of jailer? Do not say that any more. White people will read this and they will think that all the rest of the colored people ought to go back to Hayti. I understand this is a free country and

centive Committee, that if we as a party are not satisfied with their action, just let them go ahoad until they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean they come in the sates please they come up to the block, (I mean first Monday in August Monday in February) and them they come up to the block, (I mean they come in the sates please they come up to the block, (I mean they come in the poles and more work would be better for us as a people, lurt ourselves some in the tower defend in in the they come up to the block, (I mean they come in the poles and more work would be better for us as a people, I desire to say to the sate and more work would be better for us as a people, I the sate they come in the poles and more work

The Hairless Age.

[N. Y. Morning Journal] The coming man will have no hair. No bangs or curls will adorn the club man who takes a trip up Fifth avenue a few hundred years hence on the Jake Sharp balloon line.

The masculine child's nurse of A. D. 2185 will be as bald as a skating rink. The nurseur of the future of the future of the form

the Jake Sharp balloon line.

The masculine child's nurse of A.
D. 2185 will be as bald as a skating rink. The nuseum of the future will contain a tuft of hair in a glass case labeled "Scalp-lock, Presented by Three-of-a-Kind, Chief of the Cherokee Nation and ex-Emperor of of the Defunct United States, Heirloom in His Family." Barbers' signs then will fead: "Scalps Artificially Decorated, Electrical Tattooing Done While You Wait," and bottles of Japanese hair reatorers will have a place among the rarest curiosities.

with his clothes in a satchel, which hung on a stick from his shoulder. He was motioned to get in, and in a moment he was stiting by the side of the President, who opened the conversation by asking him who he was, and where he was going. He replied that his name was Morgan, and that his name was Morgan, and that you published the letter in New York, and it was copied through the press of the country. I shall, therefore, endeavor to be equally careful for writing my reply.

You refer in your kind and confidential note to your experience as an invalid, and your rapid recovery after the use of red-hot Mexican pepper place among the rarest curiosities.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the distinguished specialist, who can write a delightful novel as easily of he can dent of the United States?"

The President replied: "My name is Thomas Jefferson."

The President replied: "My name is Thomas Jefferson."

The President replied: "My name is Thomas Jefferson." a delightful novel as easily of he can diagnose an obscure nervous affection, said yesterday that the hair is being gradually evolved off men's heads. Evolution, he said, is always going on both in a man's body and in his mind. The man of to-day is larger than the knight who used to go around chivalrously rescuing beautiful young women from agres and looting captured castics. Dr. Hammond is sure of that because he has carefully examined ancient suits of armor. He finds that the suits would scarcely do a sixteen-year-old boy of to-day, and that a full grown man would never buy such a suit unless at a Baxter Street shop or a unless at a Baxter Street shop or a honor him with a visit. misfit clothing store.

But if the man of to-day is larger

set supreme in memory, queen of the hearts whose blood has hallowed it, and whose footsteps have kept pace with its modulations. Whether it be the warwhoop of the savage or the Hammond says that men's beards are

Have used Tongaline in some six cases of neuralgia. Besides other nervous affections, and am prepared to say that, so far as my experience extends, it is one of the most reliable remedies that has ever come into my

J. A. WARD, M. D., Troy, Mo.

From Bill Nve.

to business on the speech. By this time Bob had donned his pantaloons and remarked:

"Well you be the audience and sit over there, and I will see what I can do."

this is a year or press, this is a year or press, this county that we are not asleep. I was not looked upon as a monstrosithear a good deal of harping about the white Republicans. What is this for? Can we make the white Republicans what they don't great many people in New York the publicans vote for what they don't strangers to me. New York is getting to be very thickly settled, and many people go there to do their trading. While I was there a steam-boat got in from England and creat-ed very little excitement. People in New York are not easily startled. I stopped at a hotel where it cost me \$5 a day for the bare necessities of life, and when I paid my bill it created no surprise whatever. You can go to the Fifth Avenue hotel and stay for days and not excite remark. There was a head-waiter there who spoke to me frequently and picked out a seat for me at the table, and seemed to take a great interest in me.
Once he asked me if my dinner was
all right. I told him it was bully
and a good deal more than I generally had at home. Even if it hadn't just suited me I should not have told him so, for I could see that if I had been displeased, he would have shut up the house and made a good deal of trouble. So I told him it was all first-rate, and he seemed to feel very much relieved. I have eaten at a great many hotels before, but he was the only head-waiter that ever tried zel's Weekly.
to be friendly with me. Most of
them are austere and dress so much
"Hello!" but t better every day than I do on Sun-day, that they make me feel sshamed of myself. I had a friend once though who married the sister of a

Thomas Jefferson's Young Friend.

["Carp" in the Cleveland Leader. ] One day when Thomas Jefferson was riding through Virginia on his way from Washington to Monticello, he came upon a boy trudging along with his clothes in a satchel, which

"You'll not forget me?" asked the

infant terrible.
"Not I," replied Jefferson.

hearts whose blood has hallowed it, and whose footsteps have kept pace with its modulations. Whether it be and making a fair reputation, but this is too big a thing for you. I fear some the warwhoop of the savage or the song that made Thermopolae the world's grandest cemetery: whether it be the battle hymn of Luther, or the Marselliase of France the pibroch of the Campbell, Rule Brittania, the Carmaquole, Hail Columbia or must make a success. To do this you must do your best. You must make a success. To do this you must get at it immediately. Don't wait a minute. Go into that room and lock the door, and begin the speech."

"Not I," replied Jefferson. A year or thereabout after this occurrence young Morgan becoming disgusted with things about home, growing at the expense of the hair on their heads. They grow bald over the cultivation of their moustaches. Fifty or a hundred years ago young men's heads were covered with a stock of hair, while their beards were silky and immature. Now they go around with nothing but ten dollar beaver hats to cover the shin-mid and lock the door, and begin the speech."

"Not I," replied Jefferson.

A year or thereabout after this occurrence young Morgan becoming disgusted with things about home, growing at the expense of the hair on their heads. They grow bald over the cultivation of their men's beards are disgusted with things about home, growing at the expense of the hair on their heads. They grow bald over the cultivation of their men's beards are disgusted with things about home, growing at the expense of the hair on their heads. They grow bald way with staff and gripsack, and cover the cultivation of their men's beards are growing at the expense of the hair on their heads. They grow bald way with staff and gripsack, and cover the cultivation of their heads. They grow bald way with staff and gripsack, and cover the cultivation of their heads. They grow bald way with staff and gripsack, and cover the cultivation of their heads. They grow bald way with staff and gripsack, and cove after that office." The President looked up, but could not remember the boy. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan, continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember me when I

beards grow like weeds in a Harlem lot.

Dr. Hammond predicts that bald-headed young men will soon be in the vast majority. Then, as evolution gets in its work, they will be the rule. The child of the future with a head like a billiard ball will stand before the picture of his ancestor and wonder what kind of an animal he was.

When all men are hairless the heads of the college professor and of the pugilist will be identical, but one will bristle with the bumps of his own knowledge and the other with bumps of the other pugilist's superior knowledge. The slim of that period will bave his scalp covered with pictures by the best artist, a Meissonier behind his ear, a Bougereau on his forehead and a Canabal on the back of his head. When a favorite danseuse will trip out on the tips of her little toes she will see her portrait on all the heads in the first row before the footlights. Even the present coryphees, who have already seen great changes, will probably live to be so honored by some very young men.

When a man falls in love it will be dent took, young Morgan, continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember the boy. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan, continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember the boy. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan, continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember the boy, Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan, continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember the boy. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan clock, young Morgan continued: "There, I told you that you would not remember the boy. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan chealed up. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan chealed up. Noticing his amazed look, young Morgan clock, and told him kindly, and a ked him to be seated. He head and the brushed pin min for he head and a content to be in a fall the heads in the first own the first day told Jefferson laughed, and told him that the colonels were always old men. He must take the present coryphees, who have already seen great ch

molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; stir constantly and let it boll until it is thick, then turn it out on to buttered plates when it begins to stiffen, mark it in squares, so that it will break rapidly when cold. Cocoanut caramels are made of two cups of grated cocoanuts, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff; bake on a buttered paper in quick oven. Nice white candy is easily made. Take one quart of ressly made. Take one quart of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil just as you do molarses candy, but do not stir it; you can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull it as if it were molasses candy; have a dish near by with some vanilla in it and work in enough to flavor it as you pull; not it in a cold your result. you pull; put it in a cold room, and the next day you will have delicious

candy. How the Cabinet Lives.

Sec. Vilas keeps bachelor's hall. Sec. Bayard owns his own house. Sec. Lamar lives in a boarding-

Atty. Garland lives with his mother in a very retired way.

Sec. Manning has not yet rented permanent quarters in Washington. Sec. Endicott is the only member of the Cabinet who has rented a

Sec. Whitney has not yet secured permanent quarters in Washington.

Seven Quiet Smiles. Ba-na-na-A vegetable telescope

fact he had a pair-odice.-Carl Pret-"Hello!" but the man who sits down coats. on a pin-point says just the reverse. Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. Puck calls a deaf and dumb cat an

It has been decided that a naval cadet who throws kisses at a girl is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct.
Quite right. He should carry them to her and place them gently on her lips.—Philadelphia Call.

The internal heat of the earth is being investigated by the German Government. A shaft sunk at Schladebach has penetrated about 4,566 feet

A Baltimore paper says the President looks at his feet a great deal. He is probably wondering why they don't get to work and kick some score or two office-seekers out of the White House daily.—Boston Transcript. When glowing Sol in summer days,

When glowing sol in summer days,
Those days to fat men trying,
Rains down upon us torrid rays
Till overwhing is trying;
When heat brings comfort to an end
And sadly seen bemoan 'em,
He's happy then who has a friend Turn the cold shoulder on him

-Boston Courier.

BILL NYE'S PHYSICIAN.

A Decidedly Open Letter on Health and Other Personal Matters.

ALEX E. SWEET, Esq. Dear Sir:-I have seen recently an open letter addressed to me, and

invalid, and your rapid recovery af-ter the use of red-hot Mexican pepper

tea in a molten state.

But you did not have such a physician as I did when I had spinal men-ingitis. He was a good doctor for horses and blind staggers, but he was out of his sphere when he strove to fool with the human frame. Change of scene and rest were favorite prescriptions of his. Most of his pa-tients got both, especially eternal rest. He made a specially of eternal

rest.
He did not know what the matter was with me, but he seemed to be willing to learn.

My wife says that while he was atbut that I was more lucid than the physician. Even with my little shattered wreck of mind, tottering between a superficial knowledge of how to pound sand, and a wide shoreless sea of mental vacuity, I still had the edge on my physician, from an intellectual point of view.

He is still practising medicine in a quiet kind practising medicine in a quiet kind of a way, weary of life, and yet fearing to die and go where

his patients are.

He had a sabre wound on one cheek that gave him a ferocious ap-pearance. He frequently alluded to how he used to mix up in the carnage of battle, and how he used to roll up his pantaloons and wade in gore. He said that if the tocsin of war should sound now, or if he were to wake up in the night and hear war's rude alarum, he would spring to arms, and make tyrange to arms, and make tyrange to arms. to arms and make tyranny tremble Oh, he was a bad man from Bitter

Creek. One day I learned from an old neighbor that this physician did not have anything to do with preserving the Union intact, but that he acquir ed the scar on his cheek while making some experiments as a drunk and disorderly. He would come and sit by my bedside for hours, waiting for this mortality to put on immortality, so that he could collect his bill from the estate, but one day I arose during a temporary delirium, and extracting a slat from my couch I smote him across the pit of the stomach with it while I hissed through my elenched teeth:

"Physician, heal thyself." I then tottered a few times, and earnest solicitatio Mr. Sweet, I desire to state that

should this letter creep into the press of the country, and thus become a measure, public, I hope that it will create no ill-feeling on your part Our folks are all well as I write and should you happen to be on Lake Superior this winter, yachting, I hope you will drop in and see us. Our latch string is hanging out most all the time, and if you will pound on the fence I will call off the dog.

I frequently buy a copy of your paper on the streets. Do you get the money?

Are you acquainted with the staff of The Century, published in New York? I was in The Century office several hours last spring, and the edever since, and read it thoroughly, I haven't seen yet where they said that "they had a pleasant call from the genial and urbane William Nye." I do not feel offended over this. I

simply feel hurt.

Before that I had a good notion to write a brief epic on the "Warty Toad" and send it to The Century for publication, but now it is quite doubtful.

The Century may be a good paper but it does not take the press dis-patches, and only last month I saw in it an account of a battle that to my certain knowledge occurred twenty years ago. BILL NYE. twenty years ago.

Yellow Garters in Vogue.

[From an Account of a Long Branch Ball.] Round the black-stockinged left legs of full half the girls in the assemblage were garters of yellow. That was for luck. I don't know how the knowledge was ascertained or disseminated, but we all know it now that the clasp of a yellow elastic brings good luck to the wearer. The disclosure got to the Branch unex-pectedly in mid-season, and the de-mand for yellow elastic far exceeded Ba-na-na—A vegetable telescope—
inasmuch as it sometimes enables one
to see stars.—Winston Sentinel.

Adam was an old gambler. He

Adam was an old gambler. He Adam was an old gambler. He poor creatures have had to go with-had dice in the Garden of Eden—in out the fetich notwithstanding. Their sufferings, like the joys of those who had secured the right elastics, were The man at the telephone says hidden demurely under their petti-

The elephant will be exterminated in another hundred years, so scieneccentricity. We should rather consider it a special dispensation of a come to town to see it just as he albeneficent Providence.—Lowell Citiways did, and he will go back home ways did, and he will go back home feeling and looking as though the beast had stepped on him—just the

Would I offend? I took it, and What could I do but gently squoeze it?

Her waist was then within my reach, And when so near to me I found it I spent no precious time in speech, But softly put my arm around it. This brought quite near her ripo, red lips -Sweet lips! Could mortal man resist 'em! I trembled to my finger tips, And drew them nearer and I kissed

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-HE ALSO KEEPS A-

suit or Fine Overcoat.

# fell back into the arms of my attendants. It you do not believe this, Mr. Sweet, I can still show you the clenched teeth. Also the attendants. I had a hard time with this physician, but I still live, contrary to his

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